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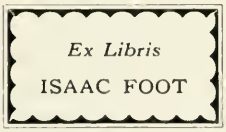

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CHAMBERS & TWAIN.
BY ERNEST RADFORD
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TO W. T.

OLD friend, it was my earliest thought
That your name should be written here;
For sooth, if Friendship count for aught,
I hold no living man so dear.

Yet o'er my pages now I look,
And am, for very shame, deterred:
Of Love, unending tells the book,
But of this Friendship, not a word.

MANY of these pieces have appeared in magazines to whose editors, with the rarest exceptions, I am under no obligation.

The fact that some of the others were published in earlier volumes will be detected by very few. I could not explain their reappearance without seeming to obtrude my pretensions as a writer. It is enough to say that some are here because, to my thinking, I have been able to improve them; and others—because I have not. All is Vanity, as the Preacher saith.

E. R.

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PART I.

CHAMBERS TWAIN

HERMANN NEUMANN

THE heart hath chambers twain,
Wherein
Dwell Joy and Pain.

Joy in his chamber stirs,
While Pain
Sleeps on in hers.

Oh, Joy, refrain, refrain!
Speak low;
You may awaken Pain.

REMEMBER LOVE

REMEMBER, love, how Burns would bring
His verses to the ingle-side,
And bid his dear-loved Jeanie sing,
And by that test abide.

Then what her ear determined true
Her lips gave ringing to the night;
And Burns was glad, and surely knew
That he had sung aright.

Dear love, for me play such a part;
If I sing truly, thou canst tell:
I bring my verses to thy heart—
If any enter, it is well.

ON READING 'THE ROOTS OF THE MOUNTAINS'

A GREAT hand opens portals wide.
My soul, my soul,
We twain may pass, still side by side,
These golden gates that lift a scroll
High o'er us weary—Here Abide!

REQUIESCAT

BROWNING is dead. Great Spirit, He shall rest!
Ye little poets raking in his dust!
Oh heart that drank his music, to exchange
This uproar of small voices for his song!

1879

DEAREST sister, Sorrow dwells
In the home, as sound in shells
That whisper evermore
Along a silent shore,
Evermore and mournfully,
The gathered sadness of the sea.

1889

A VOICE unheard these many years;
A face long summers shut from sight;
That face I saw, that voice to-night
Gave quiet in a world of fears.

Sister, ten years may serve for tears:
In twice ten years I shall not miss
His very look; the ring of his
Great voice abideth in mine ears.

THE PROTEST OF SPRING

ONE is dead!
Green month of bursting flower and leaf,
One is dead!
For joy of life thy tears are shed;
Naught naught to thee are these of grief:
April! fling wide thy disbelief
That one is dead.

FOR AN URN

SHE chose to die.
Grave here, beneath our helpless flowers,
She chose to die.
Alas! the sun forsook her sky
Whatwhile he gladdened other bowers:
She tasted life—a few sad hours;
Then chose to die.

UNWORTHY

AM I not worthy of thee? Oh, my child,
Come close, come close, and nurse upon thy breast
My aching brow! Let thy sweet hands be pressed
Cool, cool, on these hot eyelids, till the wild

Ungoverned tumult of my brain is stilled!
Close, close, till that sound dies within mine ears,
And I may cease from questioning with tears
Why God has made me love thee, Oh, my child!

WITH FLOWERS

I KNOW not how in any wise,
Dearest, my aching love to show;
If flowers have voices, these will speak,
These flowers I gave you
Long ago.

And they will whisper 'Day and Night
He sheddeth tears of joy to know
He has not lost, not lost, not lost
The love you gave him
Long ago.'

A GIFT

TAKE back the song you sang, Love;
Take back the gift you brought;
Take back the word you gave, Love;
Let me only keep the thought

That you knew not what you said, Love,
And deemed a song was naught,
And brought a gift to me, Love,
And knew not what you brought.

ART'S EXTREMES

PROUDLY the father,
Lowly the wife,
Bends o'er a child sleeping
Dearer than life.
Pride speaks in the father,
Love is mute in the wife,
'Did ever a painter
Paint like Life?'

Heavy the footfall,
Laboured the breath,
One quitteth the chamber
Held by Death.
His gaze is estranged,
All strangely he saith
'Was there ever a sculptor
Wrought like Death?'

IN JUNE

AH, Love, I lack thy kisses
In the warm sweet breath of June :
I am lonely amid lovers ;
Love, come soon.

A blue sea stretches waveless
'Neath a blue blue sky this June :
I am panting for thy love, Love ;
Love, come soon.

EDELWEISS

ABOVE the line
Of thawless snows,
On yonder height,
One flower grows.

And in my bosom,
Winter-bound,
Lives one such flower
Which thou hast found.

ANNIVERSARY

A YEAR ago the friends who pressed
To deck thy bridal could not know
What twin souls waited, each confessed,
A year ago.

Twin souls, but half estrangèd yet;
Like single gazers (seemed it so?)
In some fair city newly met
A year ago.

How we this fuller joy should prove,
How each to other closer grow,
Surpassed *our* knowledge, dearest love,
A year ago.

TWO PICTURES BY FLORENCE SMALL

AUTUMN LEAVES

OH, Autumn leaves!
Bind in thy tresses, maiden fair,
These Autumn leaves.
See Hope fulfilled in rangèd sheaves;
See in dead Nature Love's despair;
For brooding joy, for russet care,
These Autumn leaves.

THE POEM

HER brow upon thy pages bent,
Thy volume, Poet, in her hands;
She knows not, she so innocent,
How like a pictured maid she stands.

Sing, Singer, to thy heart's content!
Paint, Painter! shall he rival thee?
Twin arts have equal graces lent:
So art thou, Maiden, fair—and free.

AN UNFINISHED PORTRAIT

HOW shines the gold amid the brown
Of heavy tresses tumbling down
In Art's despite!
How Nature blends her red and white!

Ah, happy painter! It is thine
That 'sweet disorder' to confine;
If thou shouldst order it aright,
Ah, what delight!

SHAUGHBRIDGE, DEVON

THIS grey old bridge shall be my seat :
Up here I catch the silver tones
Of maidens who on nimble feet
Pass and repass the stepping-stones.

On nimble feet, with merry din,
The blithesome party lightly trips :
They'd scream if one should tumble in ;
They laugh if any maiden slips.

AXTOWN

MISS Meg stood pawing at the door
As she would question—'Wherefore tarry?
Brave old Dartmoor I'll put you o'er,
Young master, like old Harry!'

Then up I took my little crook,
Ere Time was any older,
And Hell-to-split we frolicked it
O'er fern and furze and boulder.

IN A BACHELOR'S GARDEN

BUT now she stooped—best friends must part;
Then plucked—half jesting was she not?
(And blushed—it lay so near my heart!)
Yon flower that pleads 'Forget-me-not.'

Ah, ageing heart, old memories throng!
Again, meseems, *her* kiss strikes hot;
Her voice, long mute, bursts into song
Who planted that Forget-me-not.

THE STREAM OF LIFE

SAYS Mrs. Grundy—'I adjust
These stepping-stones your feet to guide:
A fool you must be, man, to trust
Your handsome legs for length of stride!'

Says Mrs. Grundy: 'Be discreet;
You shall escape all taint of sin.
A careless man? You'll wet your feet.
A clumsy man? *You'll* tumble in!'

FRAGMENT IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM

DEAD sage, dead priest, unheard ye call
Up from the valleys where ye sleep:
Love's clarion soundeth over all;
His fires glow from steep to steep.

Professor, I have little store
Of learning you may fitly seek,
I covet no Department's lore,
Egyptian, Syriac, or Greek;

But oft I tread these halls alone,
To mark where, treasured with the rest,
There lies a stone, no common stone,
'A fragment'—of a woman's breast.

Profess, Professor, all you know!
I ask, among these spoils you heap,
Has Time a greater thing to show?
Have we a holier thing to keep?

IDYLL OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM

SHE moved, admiring students said,
Amid the marbles like their Queen ;
He bore, a little high, his head—
Aware of God-like mien.

'Tis afternoon, the long slant rays
Make hot the dim Egyptian room;
Our queen her little luncheon lays
On a low sculptured tomb.

And now the lad, his dark curls float
As if from hers their gold to win,
Draws from an ancient velvet coat,
A paint-smeared sandwich tin.

Love spreads the feast ; their lips have met !
So grace is said, and lingered o'er !
Gray Gods, ye smiled ! Nor look ye yet
All grimly serious as before.

WILLY

THEY were talking of love, oh so wisely!
How we slaved for that charity tea!
Of love in its 'higher relations,'
And 'Platonic' affection, dear me!

But poor little I was too flighty,
Contrived on too heedless a plan,
Too vain (so they said) and too trifling,
To know aught of the ideal man.

They talked, and oh! I grew sleepy;
And the sun streamed in on the pane;
And I hardly seemed wanted, and somehow
I found myself down in the lane;

And then, oh then, I met Willy!
He popped from the hedge with his gun;
'So delightful,' he said, 'to meet you here,
Of all people under the sun.'

Yes, would you believe it, 'twas Willy,
And his two little dogs 'Smalls' and 'Mods':
I faltered 'Aunt Susie will miss me,'
But Willy just said, 'What's the odds!'

And he said—but, oh that I can't tell you!
But he kissed me before he began;
He's over six feet, and he's *lovely*,
If he isn't an 'ideal man.'

My eyes were tight shut and he kissed me,
And 'Mods' gave a warning bow-bow;
And I screamed, and thought, '*Was* my hair tidy
Whilst Willy recorded his vow?'

Then I slipped to my corner demurely,
And patted, and smoothed down my hair,
And wondered if anyone noticed,
And made up my mind not to care;

For I still shut my eyes, and saw Willy,
Whilst they slaved for that charity tea,
And talked of love's 'higher relations,'
And 'Platonic' affection, dear me!

QUESTION

TO one who long a worldly gain
In worldly paths has sought,
May aught of better worth remain,
Save, peradventure, caught
On cobwebs in the brain
Some fragment of untainted thought?

DAY AND NIGHT

I HELD her hand
To-day,
And whispered a word,
And she heard:—
And I did not work,
And she did not play
To-day.

I touched her lips
To-night,
And none knew, but we two,
The delight:—
And I shall not sleep,
And she will not sleep
To-night.

FOR AN IDEAL

I LOOKED out over the ocean,
And saw a maiden stand
Where billow and cloud commingled
In a vanishing golden land.

I passed out over the ocean,
And held the Sun-Maiden's hand,
And lost for ever the treasure
Of Love in my Fatherland.

EVER AND A DAY

HE murmured 'Love, for ever!'
And she whispered, 'and a day?'
And I whose pain ends never
Saw her stand in her bride's array,
And knew that her love was for ever,
And his false love for a day.

FRIENDS

HANDS clasped a moment on the strand;
The one must stay, the other go;
There is not any sign to show
That friends have parted, hand from hand.

And years roll on; the two friends stand;—
The welcome spoken, speech is slow;
Still is there not a sign to show
Friend dead to friend, as hand strikes hand.

A BIRTHDAY

DEAR sister, with an idle line,
There comes no dainty thing
To grace thy dress, to deck thy hair;
These may some other bring.

Love, of an essence volatile,
Will oft elude the string
That bindeth sure the decent gift
Of formal offering.

So in no cumbering parcel tied,
But swift, on his own wing,
Love, faring forth to gain thy side,
Has only love to bring.

TWICE DEAD

THE spirit ever hath desire
To pierce, thro' forms of Friendship, higher,
And somewhere gain its promised part
Of true communion, heart with heart.

Ah, friend of Youth! thy fresh-cut grave
Is warmer than the hand you gave;
Else were not (strangers many years)
Lost friend, lost friend! These tears, these tears.

A SCIENCE OF HISTORY

THINK you it would be good indeed
(Surveying yonder, scrawled in slime,
The rapid finger-trace of Time)
To catch Life's secret, and to read

The import of the coming years?
Or would the load be heavier yet?
A paler Grief, unheeded, wet
The rock of Destiny with tears?

LET REST

WHAT art was lavished on the bower!
What nameless beauty hers for dower!
What perfect moments made the hour!

* * *

They steal like death from room to room;
They stifle sobs that break the gloom;
They keep the silence of the tomb.

* * *

Bring up old friends to view the bed;
Bring up, with slow mock-solemn tread,
The hired transport of the dead.

* * *

Let rest the gold that holds her hair;
Let rest the ring none else might wear;
Let rest the strong man weeping there.

OF THE GRANTCHESTER 'GRIND,' AND OF FLOWERS

LADY, my thanks: this night my dream
Is of a pathway stretching fair
Through meadows bordering a stream,
And flowers, thy gift, spring everywhere.

By Grantchester, by Trumpington,
Our quiet Cam-side pacing slow,
At eve I pass, still musing on
The unseen years, as years ago.

My flower-dream, annulling time,
Gives back the garnered hours to me;
Gives back a perished trick of rhyme
That hardly shapes these words to thee;

Gives crowding thoughts of earlier days:—
Lost friend, whose love I ask in vain,
I walk the old oft-trodden ways
Thy hand within mine arm again!

Ah, the old days! The sun sank there:
Ah, the old days! Thus sped the hours:
But dream-born seems the perfumed air,
And of the dream my path of flowers.

MY LOVE, WHERE ART THOU?

MY Love, where art thou? Crowding waves
Press ever on the strait confine
Of the still, spirit-haunted shore
Where my soul waiteth thine.

My Love, where art thou? Once, ah once,
Thy vision in the clamorous mart
Had drawn me surely from the throng
To a chamber set apart

Where, weaving from its finest strand,
My spirit fashioned for thy shrine
A veil to shroud thee from a gaze
Raised unabashed to thine.

But now, where art thou? Say not, lost!
That sanctuary of thought is bare:
The shrine where stood thy picture shows
The wan face of Despair.

* * * * *

Not 'lost';—the low sweet voice that bad
Me wait the lapse of dragging years:
Not 'lost';—that vision in the throng
Now dimly seen through tears.

SONG

IF I were in the valley-land,
And you far up the mountain blue,
Would you just turn and wave your hand,
And bid me strive to follow you?

If I were in the tossing sea,
And you upon the quiet shore,
Would you send out your help to me,
And bid me to my life once more?

If I were cast from heaven's gate,
And you within so glad and fair,
I know you would come forth and wait
Beside me, love, in my despair.

MARGUERITE

LOVETH he, or loveth not,
All these idle years?
An he love me, Laughter;
An he love not, Tears.

Loveth he, or loveth not?
Flower, canst thou tell?
Thou shalt deck my bosom
An he love me well.

Loveth he, or loveth not?
Oh, but life were sweet!
Say! ah say—he loves thee,
Gentle Marguerite!

OF ME

THINK, Love, of me.
Far from thy side to-night,
Think, Love, of me.
So shall I, absent, see
Pictured upon the night
Thy dear face set in light,
Think, Love, of me.

ANNIVERSARY

THESE five years.
Ah! they have shown us one thing plain,
These five years.
Joy has a deeper spring than tears;
Love knows a harbour shut to pain.
Dearest, they are not spent in vain,
These five years.

A BROKEN RING

LO, thy poor ring is broken!
These kisses bind for aye.
Let but this word be spoken,
Now thy poor ring is broken,
'True Love outlasts his token,
Yet cannot choose but stay.'
Lo, thy poor ring is broken!
These kisses bind for aye.

A POOR AUTHOR TO HIS BOOKS

DEAR comrades! though ye figure not in Lowndes,
(Thy costlier brethren long have left their home)
How are ye ravished from me, tome by tome,
For fewer shillings than ye cost me pounds!
Shades of unthrifty authors! Hark, it sounds!
My portal tells, a tedious metronome,
Of sullen duns who onewhile forced to roam
Kit Marlowe, Savage, Johnson, Goldsmith: Zounds!

Dim days of quiet pleasure that are fled!
Once, snugly harboured, dallying by turns
With new and old, in such pure peace I read
As one who, want unknowing, idly learns.
Now in yon gaping casement widely spread
Stand Shakespeare only, Landor, Lamb and Burns.

AFTER ORCHARDSON

IN old days when Love ruled the roast
The sorriest remnants tasted rare :
Now Love sits watching like a ghost
A very banquet served ' with Care.'

A NICE QUESTION

THE inmost tenant of my heart,
Dearest, thou knowest well thou art !
But Love alone can solve a doubt
If I love thee, love, out and out.

A CHALLENGE

OR well or ill my song may fare ;
Love, let thy heart approve it first :
If thy pulse quickens I may dare
Each bloodless critic to his worst.

SHOULD NEWSPAPER ARTICLES BE SIGNED ?

A CRITIC whose name don't appear
Said, 'This warfare of words is severe ;
But the plan is to stand
With your head in the sand,
And such hits as you get don't appear ! '

OLD BOYS' MATCH: AMERSHAM HALL SCHOOL

I LONG have nursed, an old boy I,
A gouty leg upon the pillow;
Yet was I, in the days gone by,
No mean performer with the willow.

And so was asked (no doubt my years
Secured for me the invitation),
To travel down to X, good sirs,
And play the rising generation.

I came, I saw, I fielded 'point,'
Till Buggins *minimus*, by Jingo,
Knocked my forefinger out of joint,
And chirruped, '*Hold* it, Old Flamingo!'

It made me hop! A substitute
I signalled with the wounded digit,
And that young Buggins, little brute,
Ran on like a demented midgit.

'Retired hurt,' I sat and told
Of ancient days when there *was* cricket,
And Birrell slogged, and Spokey bowled,
And Winterbotham kept the wicket.

Ripe legends—much improved upon!—
I babbled of the great 'Matrics,'
And how I caught, at *long* 'long on,'
A ball Jim Parry hit for six.

I did indeed; 'Lost ball!' was cried;
The hero o'er his bat was bending;
When overhead, supremely 'skied,'
I saw that awful ball descending,

And *ran*, like any acrobat,
Three hundred yards if ever man did,
And cleared the fence, and had him pat
Two inches from the ground, left-handed!

I paused, and heard, it touched my pride
(It was unfeeling and improper),
A fat boy, nicknamed 'Full-inside,'
Gasp out—'Jemima, wot a wopper!'

A DREAM

NIGHT brought a dream of love,
A fond sweet dream of thee ;
Thy heart beat warm upon my heart,
Thy dear arms circled me.

Alas ! but dawn now shows
A cheerless couch to me.
'Twas sleep beguiled an empty heart ;
My vacant arms sought thee.

GRAYS INN

NOW Night, with gentle breath, has wrought
Some rest within my brain :
The spirit that so vainly sought,
Now, outward gazing, seems to gain
The end of all this tangled skein
Of cabined, cribbed, unresting thought.

LIFE, LIFE

LIFE, life, if murmuring there be
Of low estate, or scanty pelf,
The plaint upgoeth not from me.
Thy toys lie broken on the shelf—
Love swept them with an idle breath:
Life, life! Love overmastereth thee!
Grant gentle passage unto death.

WESTWARD HO!

IN the low pathway of the sun,
Far-shadowed on the golden fern,
And robed in purple twilight, one
Stood and there waited his return,

And shone upon him unforeseen
As he with heavy step drew near:
Ah! then was greeting sweet between
Us two old lovers—Sister dear.

THE UNDERSONG

TO-DAY shall be no song, love,
Here quiet now with thee;
No song holds all my love, love,
So singing shall not be.

Let my hands frame thy face, love;
Take this kiss for thy brow;
And these for thy tired lids, love;
Ah! tears, not singing, now.

Lay thy cheek to my cheek, love;
Rest thy dear hand in mine;
Let thy heart search my heart, love,
If it indeed be thine.

And let there be no song, love,
Save only this that tells
How deep, beneath all singing,
Song in the heart upwells.

ENVOY

DEAREST, I have put my life
In this tiny book of song;
If it speak with halting voice,
Yet may broken words prolong

The memory of one golden hour
When we were given each to each,
And in silence, wanting words,
Perfect love found perfect speech.

PART II.

TRANSLATIONS FROM

TH. GAUTIER, GOETHE,

KLAUS GROTH,

HEINE.

ELEGY

TH. GAUTIER

TO mark where lies thy treasured dust
No pile is set,
Poor Clémence, in thy morn by Death
Untimely met.

Thou sleepest at the hillock's foot
In lowliest state,
And one pale willow o'er thy grave
Bends desolate.

Thy name, by rain and snows outworn,
No more is read
On yon black-wooded cross which guards
Thy cheerless bed.

But Love, who aye remembereth, comes
Where no foot nears,
And bringeth flowers, and keepeth troth,
And sheddeth tears.

FROM GOETHE

ALL o'er the high mountain
Is rest.
Scarce bringeth the wind
From his crest
A breath unto you.
In the woodland no bird singeth late—
Ah, soon, only wait,
You shall rest too.

FROM KLAUS GROTH

I

FAREWELL, farewell, now Summer's sped,
Till wakes the coming year!
Farewell, farewell, the leaves are dead:
Farewell, my heart is sere.

I sang all through the happy time
Of Summer; now 'tis done,
My flight is for another clime,
Still southward, towards the sun.

II

THE sky is over-clouded,
Grey billows lash the shore:
Oh world so vast and lonesome!
Oh heart all bruised and sore!

Does the sun shine brightly yonder?
Do bright smiles deck the land?
I see but grey and cheerless,
The mist roll up the strand.

III

THE sea is full of water;
The heart is full of blood;
Whenas the moon appeareth
Upmounts and falls the flood;

So, love, when thou art near me,
Upwelleth my heart's blood,
As mounts and falls the ocean,
As flows and ebbs the flood.

IV

MOTHER'S sleeping, fast abed!
Let go now; hark, the watchman's tread!
Hark his bell, how sweet a tone!
Now leave me, do'ee now, alone.

Yonder stands the kirk so tall;
Dead men sleep within the wall.
In thy sleep still think of me;
I dream the livelong night of thee.

Mother's waking, who can tell?
That's enough now! fare thee well!
I'll bide, if she be sleeping sound,
To-morrow, till the watch is round.

FROM HEINE

I

'Oh, mein gnädiges Fräulein, erlaubt'

GRACIOUS Lady, wilt allow
Apollo's lovesick son to rest
Thus in sleep his poet-brow
On thy swan-white breast?
"Sir, this to me! How dare you say
Such things—in public any way!"

II

'Mensch, verspotte nicht den Teufel'

FRIEND, conciliate the Devil;
Brief, ah, brief, the course we run,
And the Everlasting Blazes
Is no fable pulpit-spun.

Friend, pay up the debt thou owest.
'Tis a weary course we run,
And you'll often have to borrow,
As before you've often done.

III

'Ich halte ihr die Augen zu'

I HELD her eyes and kissed her,
And kissed her mouth the while ;
Now must she try unceasingly
The reason to beguile.

From closing night to morning light,
With ever some new wile :—
'What need to hold my eyes, love,
To kiss my mouth that while ?'

I answer not, no skill I've got
These things to reconcile :—
I held her eyes and kissed her,
And kissed her mouth the while.

IV

'Das macht den Menschen glücklich'

IT makes a man happy, no doubt,
But it maketh him weary, i'fegs,
To have three lovely women about him,
And only a couple of legs.

With one I must walk of a morning;
At eve with another I rove;
And a third comes at noontide, and drags me
Right out of my quarters, by Jove!

Farewell, irresistible sirens!
I have but two legs of my own;
Henceforth in some rural seclusion
I'll worship Dame Nature—alone.

V

'Diese Damen, sie verstehen'

THESE fine ladies, understanding
Honour must to poets be,
Bad me to a lordly luncheon—
My great Genius and me.

There was soup, ah! it was stunning;
There was wine no lip would spurn;
There was poultry, simply godlike,
There was hare cooked to a turn.

They talked I remember of poets,
And when I could eat no more,
I rose, and acknowledged the honour,
And bowed till I reached the door.

VI

'Diesen liebenswurd'gen Jungling'

FRANKLY, this young man I honour,
He exhibits graces rare.
Often he has stood me oysters,
Also Rhine-wine and liqueurs.

And his clothes exactly fit him,
And his tie proclaims the swell;
And he turns up every morning,
And he hopes I'm pretty well,

Talks about my reputation,
And my wit, and grace of style;
And he'd do, if I would let him,
Oh, a thousand things the while!

And at nights, in rooms surrounded
By the fairest of the fair,
He declaims my 'Heavenly' poems
With a soft abstracted air.

Truly, is not this refreshing?
Such young men as him I praise
Are not common; they are growing
Rare and rarer now-a-days.

VII

'Sag, wo ist dein schönes Liebchen'

SAY, where now is yon fair maiden
Whom you once so sweetly sang,
When the magic fires of passion
Hotly in thy bosom sprang?

In my bosom, chill and burdened,
Friend, those fires no longer burn.
In this narrow book the ashes
Of my passion have an urn.

VIII

'Ich grolle nicht'

I MUST endure: tho' my sad heart should break,
Oh, love for ever lost! I must endure.
And thou mayest shine in diamonds bedight—
They shed no lustre o'er thy bosom's night.

I've known it long. In dreams that troubled rest
I saw night chambered in thy loveless breast;
Saw serpents feeding in its inmost part,
And saw, lost Love, how thou wert sick at heart.

IX

'Ja, du bist elend'

YES, thou art wretched, and I must endure ;—
Love, we shall both be wretched until death !
When these sick hearts shall break there is one cure ;
Love, we shall both be wretched until death.

I see thy lips that wreathèd are with scorn,
I see thy bright eyes flashing haughtily,
And thy proud bosom statelily upborne,—
Yet art thou wretched—wretched, Love, as I.

The scorning lips are twitched with stifled pain,
Tear-dimmed thine eyes as jewels at a breath,
The proud breast hides its agony in vain,—
Love, we shall both be wretched until death.

X

'Du bist wie eine Blume'

THOU art like unto a flower,
As fresh and pure and fair;
I gaze on thee, and sadness
Steals o'er me unaware.

I fain would lay all gently
My hands on thy head in prayer,
That God may keep thee for ever
As fresh and pure and fair.

'Du bist wie eine Blume'

FRESH, pure, and fair, you are like a flower. Sadness occupies my heart whatwhile I gaze upon you. I fain would lay my hands upon your head praying God to keep you fresh, pure, and fair.

XI

'Das Meer erstrahlt im Sonnenschein'

THE sea in the golden sunshine
Herself might golden be;
My brothers, when I come to die,
Oh! bury me in the sea.

The ocean's measured lapse and swell
Was ever dear to me;
Oft has it cooled my passion;
Ah! old-time friends are we.

XII

'Wie neubegierig die Möwe'

AH, Love! the sea-gulls hover,
And are watching ever near,
As wishful to discover,
When thy sweet lips press mine ear,

What the sweet low voice has murmured
That thrills me so with bliss;
And if love's secret passeth
In a whisper or a kiss!

Ah, Love! what should I answer?
There is none can answer this—
Adroitly intermingled
Are the whisper and the kiss.

XIII

'Ein Yungling liebt ein Mädchen'

A YOUNG man loves a maiden
Who other hopes has fed,
And her love loves another love,
And to his choice is wed.

The maiden marries straightway
The handiest man to be had,
And this is simple cussedness,
And her young man is mad.

It is an ancient drama,
But any time 'twill fit—
Don't play 'first gentleman' unless
You want your heart to split.

XIV

'Auf Flügeln des Gesanges'

AWAY! To the shore of the Ganges!
Come away! On the pinions of song,
To a bower in green leafage entangled
Deep hid from the throng.

There, Love, is a garden with flowers
That bloom in the pale moonshine;
The lotus-flowers dream of their sister;
Ah! let them not pine.

There violets are whispering softly,
Their eyes to the pale stars climb;
There roses are softly retelling
Sweet tales of old time.

Darts by, and pauses, and listens,
The wary, mild-eyed gazelle;
And the far-heard Ganges quiets
The spirit as a spell.

Ah! there will we lie embowered
'Neath the tall palm's spreading crest;
There, Love, will be endless pleasure,
And there will be rest.

XV

'An deine schneeweisse Schulter'

LAID on thy snow-white shoulder
My head is at rest;
And I listen—and know the unquiet
Desire of thy breast.

The gorgeous hussars have stormed it,
And entered without strife!
And, to-morrow, a woman will leave me
That I love as my life.

What tho' in the morning she leave me,
To-night she is mine—
My head is at rest on her shoulder,
And her snow-white arms entwine.

XVI

'Und wüssten's die Blumen, die kleinen'

DID the wee flowers know what sadness
Lay hid in my wounded heart,
They would shed soft tears till weeping
Made sorrow depart.

Did the nightingales know it, darling,
This sorrow endured so long,
They would sing, full-throated, to comfort
A suffering heart with song.

The bright stars, did they know it,
In pity of my woe
Would come down from their places in heaven,
And shine in my breast below.

They none of them know it, darling:
The wound, and the heartache, and woe,
And the hand that stabbed, and the weapon,
One only can know.

XVII

'Wie schändlich du gehandelt'

I HIDE from mankind only
What I have borne from thee,
And I tell it to the fishes,
Faring far upon the sea.

Upon the dry land only
You may cherish a good name;
A world of waves is playing
With the story of your shame.

XVIII

'Mit schwarzen Segeln'

WITH brown sail spread my vessel flies
Far over the troubled sea;
Thou knowest I am sick at heart,
And still thou grievest me.

Thy heart is faithless as the wind
That ever will be free:
With brown sail spread my vessel flies
Far over the troubled sea.

XIX

'O, du kanntest Koch und Küche'

AH, you knew both cook and kitchen,
Hole and corner, gate and door;
When we two met one another,
You were ever to the fore.

Now the one I love you marry.
Drollest fancy, dearest friend!
Only droller this that I
Must these congratulations send.

XX

'Das Fräulein, stand am Thure'

ON the shore there stands a maiden;
The toil of the day is done.
She gazes, and sighs for trouble
At the setting of the Sun.

The performance is old as the ages!
Thou sorrowest, daughter, in vain;
He dies every night on the billow,
And turns up smiling again.

XXI

'In den Küssen welche Lüge'

AH, what lies the kisses cover!
In their seeming, ah, what bliss!
Sweet it is to lure a lover,
Sweeter his delusion is!

Spite thy protestation, fairest,
I can tell what thou'lt receive!
I'll believe in all thou swearest,
All I swear thou shalt believe.

XXII

'Im wunderschönen Monat Mai'

ALL in the merry month of May,
Spring's drift of blossom bringing,
I cherished in my heart of hearts
The flower of love upspringing.

All in the merry month of May,
When every bird was singing,
I spake from out my heart of hearts
Of soft desire upspringing.

XXIII

'Herz, mein Herz, sei nicht beklommen'

HEART, my heart, yield not to sadness;
Be submissive to thy fate;
Spring shall restore thee—only wait—
All that winter steals from gladness.

Think but how much there still is left thee;
Think but how fair the world is still;
Heart, my heart, befall what will,
Love shall never be bereft thee.

XXIV

'Die holden Wünsche blühen'

HOPES blossom in the spring-time
And wither in the fall;
Blossom and wither and blossom,
And death withers all.

I know it, and love and laughter
Yield naught but a vain unrest;
My heart, so wary and witty—
It bleeds in my breast!

XXV

'Du liebst mich nicht'

THOU lovest me not, thou lovest me not,
But that is a little thing;
So I find but grace to see thy face
I am happy as a king.

Thou hatest hatest me outright!
Dear pouting lips that smiled!
They are sweet lips still, and their kisses will
Console me, sweetest child.

XXVI

'Bist du wirklich mir so feindlich'

AND art thou indeed so unloving?
And art thou for ever estranged?
I'll bemoan to the world my treatment,
Now thou art changed.

Ye thankless red lips! Tell me—
Can you utter harsh words in dispraise
Of him who kissed you so fondly
In happier days?

XXVII

'Vergiftet sind meiner Lieder'

MY songs are poisoned, dearest ;
How other could they be ?
You poured, you know, the poison
In the loving-cup for me.

My songs are poisoned, dearest ;
How other could they be ?
There are serpents in my bosom,
Ay, serpents, Love,—with thee.

XXVIII

'Theurer Freund, du bist verliebt'

AH, my old friend, you are smitten!
These be pains of Love that smart;
And its darker in your headpiece,
And its lighter in your heart.

Ah, my old friend, you are smitten!
And you swear it is not so—
All the while right through your waistcoat
I can see your heart aglow.

XXIX

'Die Bergstimme'

ALL sadly through the wild ravine
A warrior slowly drave:
'Ah! now am I nearer my darling's arms,
Or nearer the silent grave?'
The mountain answer gave—
'The silent grave!'

And further the warrior rideth,
And a sigh breaks from his breast:
'And must I then enter the grave so soon?
Ah well, in the grave there is rest!'
And again—from the mountain crest—
'In the grave there is rest!'

The warrior's brow was troubled,
A tear on the bronzed cheek fell:
'Is there no rest then in the world for me?
Then the rest of the grave will be well.'
The voice from the mountain fell:
'The grave will be well!'

XXX

'Anfangs wollt' ich fast verzagen'

FIRST the spirit failed me, never
Could I bear it I'd avow;
I have borne it, howsoever,
Only do not ask me—how?

XXXI

'Freundschaft, Liebe, Stein der Weisen'

FRIENDSHIP, Love, the Sage's Stone,
These three prizes all would own:
I was of these prizes fain,
And I sought them—ah! in vain.

XXXII

'Am Kreuzweg wird begraben'

THE cross-roads mark his resting
Who found no rest till the end;
And thereby is a blue flower springing
Called 'The Poor-devil's friend.'

I stood in the night by the cross-roads,
And sighed for his rest in the end;
And this flower in the moonshine shivered,
Called 'The Poor-devil's friend.'

XXXIII

'Verrieth mein blasses Angesicht

DOES not my pale face tell thee
The load of pain I bear?
Is it thy will from stubborn lips
To force a beggar's prayer?

My stubborn lips for very pride
With quips and kisses love belie:
They speak mayhap a scornful word
Whatwhile for anguish I would die.

XXXIV

'Wir müssen zugleich uns betrüben'

'TIS a matter at once for sorrow,
And laughter to reflect
That while hearts are ripe for loving
Heads are more circumspect.

Do you feel my heart beat, darling—
How it with passion glows?
She shakes her head and whispers
"For whom it beats, God knows!"

XXXV

'Das ist ein schlechtes Wetter'

WITHOUT, it is snowing and blowing
And raining—a perfect sheet!
Within, I sit and glower
On a dark forsaken street

Where on the pavement glimmers
A single flickering light,
As a little old woman totters
With weak steps through the night.

I fancy, she's out buying
The butter, eggs, and flour
To make a cake for her darling
Big daughter to devour

Who lies in the armchair musing,
And blinks in the light, and dreams—
Down over her face the loosened hair
In golden splendour streams.

XXXVI

'Wenn ich an deinem Hause'

I PASS at morn the cottage,
And thy chamber window see,
And am glad at heart, my darling,
If I gain but a glimpse of thee.

Thy great brown eyes regard me
With timid questioning now—
"Who art thou, and what comfort,
Sad stranger, lackest thou?"

I am a German singer,
In Germany renowned,
Where the noblest names are numbered,
There my name will be found.

And what I lack, lack many
In my land more than gold;
Where they tell of saddest sorrows,
My sorrow will be told.

XXXVII

'Auf meiner Herzliebsten Äugelein'

AH! once, in praise of her sweet eyes,
I penned an artful Canzonet,
To dimpled cheeks where laughter lies
The noblest Stanza fashioned yet,
To win from loveliest lips a prize
I wrestled with the Terzinet,
And if her heart were worth her bonnet,
I say so—in a lovely Sonnet.

XXXVIII

'Das Herz ist mir bedrückt'

MY heart is troubled, and I think
With longing of the olden time
When in a pleasant world men dwelt,
And Life ran peacefully as rhyme.

But now is this all overset,
And all is strain and stress instead:
The Lord above, he is no more;
Down under is the Devil dead.

And all is rotten, mean and vain,
Sad, sullen, and of joy bereft:
There were no halting-place for Pain
But that a little Love is left.

XXXIX

'Ich hatte einst ein schönes Vaterland'

EREWHILE I had a dear-loved Fatherland;
Meseemed the oak
There grew so tall; there violets clustered low—
It was a dream.

It brought a kiss from out my Fatherland:
It spake (oh heart,
How sweet the sound!) but one word, 'I love thee!'—
It was a dream.

XL

Wo?

WHERE shall one all travel-weary
Courting rest at last recline?
In the South beneath a palm-tree?
Under lindens by the Rhine?

Shall I lie upon the desert,
Covered by a stranger's hand?
Or find resting where the billows
Sweep an undiscovered strand?

Onwards ever. Heaven is hanging
His pall about me—there as here;
And, for torches, stars at midnight
Overhead are burning clear.

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